SELIMA and AZOR,

A

DRAMATIC ROMANCE.

Price SIX-PENCE.

Sir George Collier

SONGS,

DUETS, TRIOS, &c.

IN THE

DRAMATIC ROMANCE

OF

SELIMA and AZOR.

As performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

LONDON:

Printed for J. WILKIE, St. Paul's Church-yard.

M.DCC.LXXVI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Azor,	— —	Mr. *Vernon.*
Scander,	— —	Mr. *Banniſter.*
Ali,	— —	Mr. *Dodd.*
Leſbia,	— —	Mrs. *Scott.*
Fatima,	— —	Miſs *Collett.*
Selima,	— —	Mrs. *Baddeley.*
Fairy,	— —	Miſs *Jarratt.*

Genii, Fairies, Spirits, &c.

SONGS, &c.

SONG.

ALI.

THE ſtorm is o'er,
It blows no more,
The rain has ceas'd to fall;
The ſky is clear,
The weather fair,
Then quit this 'chanted hall.

II.

Why ſhould we ſtay?
Let's haſte away;
Your daughters anxious wait:
'Till you return,
They trembling mourn,
In ignorance your fate.

SONG.

SCANDER.

A wretch like me has nought to dread,
Misfortunes make me brave:
Would I were number'd with the dead,
And in the ſilent grave!

For why ſhould life be worth our care,
When hope is ſunk in black deſpair!

SONG.

ALL.

Theſe ſpirits they'd make us to fear,
Are generous, harmleſs and gay;
And they give us ſuch excellent cheer,
I'd viſit them ev'ry day.
For I like their treat,
Their wine, their meat,
And I'm merry and blithe as they.

II.

Tho' I can't like a Nightingale ſing,
For once turn your eyes to a Jay;
For if wine will make winter like ſpring,
Why not make me warble, I pray?
For I like their treat,
Your wine, their meat,
And I'm frolickſome, blithe and gay.

III.

Good Spirits, pray hear, if you're nigh,
Bring back the ſweet time of May,
When bonny brown Ellin and I,
Lov'd long as the Sun hid his ray.
For I like your treat,
Your wine, your meat,
And I'm frolickſome, blithe and gay.

S O N G.

AZOR.

Dread thou to wake my fatal rage,
Or fail the promis'd hour;
The winged ſhaft of Death is mine,
Avoid its vengeful pow'r.

TRIO.

TRIO.

SELIMA, FATIMA, and LESBIA.

Remain we ſiſters ſtill awake,
Already Night
Has ta'en her flight,
Aurora opes the gates of light:
See the black clouds apace remove,
To bring the day
That will repay
Our ſorrows for our Sire's delay.

SONG.

SELIMA.

No flow'r that blows,
Is like this Roſe,
Or ſcatter ſuch perfume;

Upon

Upon my breaſt
Ah gently reſt,
And ever, ever bloom.

II.

Dear pledge to prove
A parent's love;
A pleaſing gift thou art!
Come, ſweeteſt flow'r,
And from this hour
Live henceforth in my heart.

S O N G.

Selima.

Ah can I the torment bear,
To think thro' me, my ſire muſt die!
To you, ye pitying Gods! for help I fly,
Ah hear my humble pray'r,
And ſave me from deſpair!
Ah can I, &c.

End of Part the Firſt.

PART THE SECOND.

SONG.

AZOR.

Didſt thou but know the killing ſmart,
The anxious doubts that rack my breaſt,
Didſt thou but feel love's fatal dart,
Thoud'ſt hope for joy, but know no reſt.
Proſtrate and humble at your feet
Behold a wretch for favour ſue,
With love and fear at once replete,
Alas, he trembles more than you.

II.

'Tis not a face, or flowing hair,
  Should win a look from worth like thine,
Nor artfull words, or eaſy air,
  Thy generous heart to love incline;
'Tis not a form, or feigned ſigh,
  Or, what the vulgar beauty call,
Nor yet the luſtre of an eye,
  But 'tis the ſoul which lights them all.

III.

Prove then my paſſion, know my worth,
  To outward ſhew, true love is blind,
Gently he'll lead thee to ſuch truth,
  As warms my heart, be thou but kind;
Breath but a wiſh to make me bleſt,
  That wiſh a pitying ſigh will move,
Which heaving in thy gentle breaſt,
  Shall kindle pity into love.

SONG.

SONG.

SELIMA.

The parent bird with trembling care,
And eager anxious eyes,
Obſerves its darling high in air,
On half fledg'd pinions riſe;
The Eagle darts with fatal aim,
The little neſtling dies;
Alas, could pity find no claim?
The wretched parent cries.

TRIO.

SCANDER, FATIMA, LESBIA.

While grief and anguiſh rack our breaſts,
Reſtleſs, my Selima, we mourn
Thy hapleſs fate;
As if our tears could give relief,
Or thy return.

We ſtill muſt weep, we ſtill muſt mourn,
Since thou art gone, ſtill, ſtill complain,
In mournfull ſounds,
Till thy lov'd ſight ſhall comfort bring
And end our pain.

End of Part the Second.

PART

PART THE THIRD.

AIR.

ALI.

I'm in a horrible fright,
This moment I've ſeen from a far,
A terrible fiery car
A fiery terrible car;
I ſhan't be my ſelf to night.

Yet may be it was but a cloud,
Oh no, to my diſcerning,
'Twas a fiery chariot burning
Which blaz'd and crack'd aloud.

Two wing'd ſerpents drew it,
For have I not ſeen their teeth
(Which threat'ned inſtant death)
To all, who ſhould come near it.

I'm in a terrible fright, &c.

QUARTETTO.

SCANDER, SELIMA, LESBIA, FATIMA.

SCANDER.

And cans't thou be to duty blind?

SELIMA.

My promiſes I bear in mind.

LESBIA and FATIMA.

And wilt thou then thy ſiſters leave,
And cauſe our much lov'd Sire to grieve?

SCANDER.

SCANDER.

Duty abſolves the ſtrongeſt ties;

SELIMA.

The greater then my ſacrifice.

FATIMA.

You ſurely will not go

SELIMA.

I muſt;

LESBIA.

Ah no!

SELIMA.

——To ſtay would be unjuſt.

ALL

No greater pain can mortals prove,
Than leaving thoſe we fondly love.

S O N G.

AZOR.

And has ſhe then fail'd in her faith?
The beautiful maid I adore!
Shall I never again hear her voice,
Nor ſee her lov'd form any more.
Ah Selima, cruel you prove,
Yet ſure my hard fate you'll bewail;
I could not preſume you would love,
Yet pity I hop'd might prevail.

II.

A moment my ſorrows ſubſide,
Revenge ſtalks along in my ſight;
Dread ſpectre! how could'ſt thou intrude?
Begone to the realms of black night.
Since hatred alone I inſpire,
Life henceforth is not worth my care;
Death now is my only deſire,
I give myſelf up to deſpair.

SONG.

S O N G.

SELIMA.

Azor, in vain on thee I call!
  Echo alone replies;
If ſad miſchance ſhould thee befal,
  What pity would ariſe!
Again thy Selima is here,
  To ſolemn promiſe true,
She's quitted all ſhe held moſt dear
  To live again with you.

II.

In vain I call, no Azor hears,
  Eccho alone replies,
Alas! could'ſt thou but know my fears,
  Could'ſt thou but hear my ſighs!
I feel concern I never felt,
  My breaſt ſoft paſſions move,
By tender pity taught to melt,
  By pity led to love.

DUETT,

DUETT, and CHORUS.

AZOR, SELIMA, &c.

The little bark by tempeſt toſt
With joy regains the ſhore;
So we by ſorrow almoſt loſt,
Enjoy this change the more.
Misfortune hence, with all thy train
Of cares, of jealouſies and pain;
Henceforth the pureſt joys we'll prove,
Springing from virtue, truth and love.

THE END.